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Roxbury, Nov. 30, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

Thanksgiving has come and gone. At home we made no special provision for it, as Miss Otis, by special and urgent invitation, went to Providence to spend the day with her old friend Phebe Jackson, while Frank and I dined with William and Ellie (spending the evening also with them), along with George and his little rosy-cheeked girl and Lizzie Anthony, Mrs. Anthony and Anna deeming it prudent to remain at home on account of the weather. Of course, we had a very nice dinner and an enjoyable time, which would have been greatly enhanced if all of you had been with us. Out doors there prevailed all day a cold, dreary rain-storm, ending at night in a fruitless attempt to cover the ground with snow. I suppose the weather

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was equally unpropitious New York. If so, you probably abandoned the idea of going to Orange with the children; also in consideration of the feeble state of Mrs. McKim's health, as Wendell has apprised us that she is down with an attack of that insidious and alarming disease, pneumonia, though the latest intelligence is somewhat favorable. I shall feel very anxious about her until I hear of her sure convalescence. Besides the growing infirmities of the body, the death of her beloved husband and darling Lucy must be gradually drawing her in spirit to the realm of existence beyond, and so weakening her hold on this mortal life.

On Wednesday afternoon I attended the funeral of dear Mrs. Alcott, at Concord. She had recently completed her 77th year, and yesterday was the 78th birthday of her husband. It was a notable gathering of persons in years, character and mind. Among those present were Rev. Mr. Foote (of King's Chapel),

who read the usual Episcopal service for the dead, Rev. Dr. Bartol, who occupied half an hour in paying a beautiful tribute to the memory of the departed and speaking comforting words, Rev. Mr. Edes, Rev. Mr. Frothingham (who is settled at Milton,) Mr. and Mrs. Sewall, Mr. Wallcut, Hamilton Willis, John, Frederick and Abba W. May, John Edward May, Paymaster Edward May, U. S. N., George B. Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mrs. Emerson, George William Bond, Frank Sanborn, Rev. Mr. Holland, Charlotte Wilkinson of Syracuse, &c., besides immediate neighbors and friends. By request, I paid my tribute also, but very briefly and imperfectly. All spoke of the occasion as an uplifting one. The day was very lovely, and the rooms were baptized with sunlight, no curtains preventing its egress. The body of the deceased had to be buried the evening previous, on account of its rapid decomposition. Mrs. Alcott died of dropsy on the chest. How you mother loved her!

How strongly she was attached to your mother! She was cheerful and humorous to the end. As her chest began to fill with water, she pleasantly said to Louisa, "It is almost high tide!" And when, a few days before her departure, they were carrying her upstairs, she archly remarked, with a radiant countenance, "The ascension has begun!" Yes, and now it is completed.

I went with William and Ellie, a few days since — I think I mentioned this in my last — to see Heller, the wonderful dealer in legerdemain, perform his extraordinary tricks. How they were done I did not attempt even to conjecture. His imitation of spirit-materialization, so far as the display of hands from the cabinet was concerned, was very ingeniously done.

I hope the dear children had a joyous Thanksgiving, whether in your own apartments or at the Park. Love to Harry.

Your loving Father.

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